ant company. Our understanding of control of Jim Mason's copper mine. tionate Bavarian who kept the toy shop; natured but stolidly determined" Fielden; for Spies, the earnest editor; for Fischer. the epileptic reporter; for Lingg, the bomb maker, and for Miss Ida Miller, the corsetless companion of Lingg.

The story purports to be told by Rudolph permitted to see the boss. He came to in a terrible voice. 'O God, I've lost!' hate these overbearing plenipotentiaries case with a vocabulary that should be forbidden by law. What they said, even when he did not understand it, stung like saltpetre in wounds.

helt's is made out to have been we may hope does not occur often. The only kind- & Co., Chicago). This is what happened wake. ness that was shown to him was shown by to him, precisely as the humiliating facts the poor. Irish Betsy, an irregular but are recorded at page 76. Curtis Conrad. Oliver Curwood's "The Great Lakes" (G. P. great hearted soul who frequented the the hero of the story, had seized Jenkins Putnam's Sons) and the subject should Battery by night, insisted upon giving in the barroom and borne him to an aparthim a dollar. Schnaubelt records: "Poor dear Betsy! She had the genius of kindness in her, and afterwards, when times his prisoner Conrad dropped into a chair, the commerce. He contrasts voyages on went better with me, I took her to supper dragged the other over his knees, threw as often as I could and so learned her whole sad story. Love was her sin, love only." It was nipping cold that winter. The story mentions "clear nights when the thermometer fell to ten and fifteen degrees below zero"-cruel falls, of which we dare say there is no record in the New York weather office.

Schnaubelt was driven to laboring with his hands. He worked in that wicked air pressure which had place in the caisson that was employed when the Brooklyn Bridge was building. Capitalism has a black record, but if it is guilty of anything blacker than that air pressure we have yet to read about it. Schnaubelt's ears were injured temporarily, and he was permanently embittered in his feeling toward society. He labored afterward at laying gaspipe. He saved money, but he found "graft" everywhere, and he was glad to find employment finally in writing stories of his experience for a Socialist newspaper.

As the case was in that novel of disscrupulosity "The Jungle," Schnaubelt failed to discover virtue until delightful moral elevation when he went to Chicago and made the acquaintance of the gentle Engel and of Lingg's Ida. The keen and kindly Spies delighted him. Schwab was a little tedious, but plainly he was sincere. Parsons, though illogical, had the sound, and Fischer, the epiat the mouth on the appearance of the

The story describes the mobs and the rioting. In a moment of unconsidering enthusiasm, while relating the prowess gerously," yet "not one policeman was shall not say who won. injured sufficiently to come under the Sumner L. Delafield, the dishonest surging crowd wore feather boots.

by them. Intellectually they were the superiors of the Americans among whom they lived. It was brute force against brains." This would hurt if we did not who are the largest army in the world, can think as industriously and as originally as anybody. We hope the

whom he adored. He was quite overcome after the deed. He could hardly get to in Conrad's arms." the railway station and enter the "first class carriage" which bore him away from broke into a "drug store" in the course humiliation of Jenkins. of the rioting and drank the "grocer man's" (the druggist's) supply of wine of colchicum were no sicker than he was. He had revived a little by the time when in New York he "walked down to the landing stage and went on board the tender" which took him out "to the big steamer" which carried him to Europe. But he never got well. His nerves troubled him and he was greatly disturbed by the thought of "the hollow mockery of American justice" when he came to read in the newspapers of what happened to Lingg and the others after the Judge and the jury had done with them and passed them on to the Sheriff He was unable to survive a sharp attack of bronchitis. We are not heartless, but

A Dreadful "Gamble" Lost.

If there is no hereafter and no reward or punishment at the end of life why Id a man not do as he pleases, being little cautious merely, observing the laws of health, taking due care in what are called flagrant cases not to be found Gordon, the stock broker in Mr Ellery H. Clark's story of "Loaded Dice" Ohe Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianolisi, "gambled" upon the proposition, acking the idea of no hereafter.

took large chances. The beginning as comparatively gentle. He needed structure to invest in "coppers," which he new were in for a boom. He had \$300. se Ashton, who loved him, helped increase this at roulette. But they lost the enlarged pile in betting on horserace. It became necessary to mail Palmer, the young millionaire. on and Rose were very clever at Palmer vielded the desired hundred thousand. But he learned how he had been deceived. He went in anger to orden, who was off duck shooting on a nely island. Gordon slew him and threw his body into a quicksand. There was a zirl. Annie Holton, who might have Gardon. He went at night to her "my flat" and made an end of her. His hand was in now. He wanted

what is desirable and lovely in the way of companionship does not permit us to companionship does not permit us to daughter Fithel. Nothing simpler. All be no question that Minnie was a cheerful share the feeling that is shown here for that was needed was to make way with and a bubbling girl. Her speech, so far the gentle Engel, "poor" Engel, the affec- Jim and with the faithful Rose. He as we can see, omits nothing that a chorus murdered the two while they were down girl would presumably be pained at leaving for Parsons, the orator; for Prof. Schwab, in the copper mine. Poor old Bill Hinckley, unsaid. We have not failed to remark the loquacious philosopher; for the "good the mine watchman, was hanged for the "mutt" and "Ain't it awful, Mamie?"

outside of Boston has ever boomed cop- admirable. They leave us without a per in such thunder tones. Profit, twenty doubt that Minnie was very good looking. millions. Then Governor of the State. with "style" and nice feet, and that she Schnaubelt, a young Bavarian who went It was his scheme to be President, but could say "mutt" in a beautiful manner. through the gymnasium and soon after- he was shot as he was about to kill a ward favored us by coming to this country. blackmailer. As he lay dying he thought He was treated very harshly in New York, of his "gamble"—the one concerned although at that time it could not have with the hereafter. The story says at about a new form of books of travel. heen divined what he was going to do. this point: "The sick man dashed aside So long as the travellers are intelligent He was snubbed in newspaper and other his coverings and raised himself bolt offices by immature persons of a low order upright in the bed, his eyes burning, hidden, out of the way places that have of intellect and with no patience at all his face working convulsively, his whole escaped the railroads none will find who were curiously intrusted with the expression that of a man who looks upon fault with them save the adventurous power to decide what callers should be a sight of horror. 'I've lost!' he shrieked at the gate, who were provided in every too startling and too well told not to be.

From Jenkins to the Cloudburst.

so desperate a case as young Schnau- Jenkins in Florence Finch Kelly's story that are not hackneyed. The book will of "The Delafield Affair" (A. C. McClurg tempt many to follow in the author's ment of comparative privacy in the rear.

compassion and he desisted."

as though he had been an inhabitant of more, and more precise, information. some less serious part of the country.

he got among the Socialists. He felt a José Gonzalez, the Mexican cowboy in the about journeys that are now perfectly story. When Curtis Conrad had finished bathing in the dim gray beauty of early morning in the limited but enticing depths or that others may be helped who do not of the Rock Springs watering hole; when in the deepest part of The hole he had ducked and splashed and swum a little; when, having come out, "through the leptic, had the fury. Fischer could froth brightening air his lean and sinewy body with its swelling muscles gleamed like rose tinted marble below the tanned face and neck"; when he had "sat down on a flat stone and reached for his shoes and stockings, whistling a gay little melody of the "people." the historian proudly from the last comic opera he had heard "In one moment the police in San Francisco"-then it was that José, were lost, pulled down and trampled who had been hiding behind a boulder, under foot by the surging crowd of men." stood up and flung his unerring knife. But over the page, the necessity having Curtis felt the sting of the weapon in his arisen for showing that the "people" arm and side. He saw Gonzalez as that were unassertive martyrs on this occa- assassin swiftly approached him, "befoulsion and that they had given no provo-ing the air with a string of Spanish oaths" cation to the police, it is plaintively re- as he came. His surprise may be guessed. corded that though thirty-five of them In the ensuing battle his bare feet bled were taken to the hospital, "all of them from contact with the stones and the severely wounded, two of them dan-booted Gonzales kicked his shins. We

doctor's hands." The pulling down and Boston financier, ruined Curtis Conrad's Boston). The author gives everything a married libertine or the quixotic actor the trampling under foot must have been father. The elder Conrad died of heart humorous turn even when he touches on who hover over her, or for that matter a mere gentle pleasantry. Perhaps the disease on learning of the loss of his for- serious things. tune. After Delafield had come out to Schnaubelt speaks very well of the Arizona and changed his name young foreigners who rioted in Chicago in 1886. Conrad, who was determined in his plan He says: "Whatever original political of vengeance, found it difficult to find thinking was done in the town was done him. When he was found at last it is not certain that there would have been any vengeance if it had not been for the cloudburst. There were complications involving Lucy Bancrofe, the heroine of the us contain one of Mr. James's later novels. know very well that our political thinkers, story. This happened when the supreme peril of the cloudburst was at hand; A galloping horse rushed near the window, there was a pisiol shot without Sage of Fairview will tackle Schnaubelt and an answering shot from within. A shriek pierced the clamor and Bancroft Schnaubelt is dead, however. It was cried: 'That was Lucy's voice!' By a he who threw the bomb in the Haymarket. | flash of lightning which rent for an instant He did it for his friend and mentor, Lingg. the gray darkness they saw the horse wheel into the hill street and saw Lucy

Then the torrent swept the bank away. There was no bank and the plotting Chicago. It was good of Lingg to fetch banker was no more when the sky cleared him a "basin of soup" as soon as possible and the settling sun shone forth in glory after the train had started. That particu- An eventful and a stirring tale. We wish lar body of intellectual foreigners who we could stop thinking of the strange

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of Minnie Higgins, who came from Paris; which we take to be assurance of entire After that Gordon conducted a copper good faith. The illustrations by Mr. boom. It was deafening. No other man Wallace Morgan are entertaining and

Many Lands. The use of the automobile has brought and bring to common knowledge the explorers who looked on those places as their own. A pleasant account of a The story is bound to be read. It is delightful trip is given by Mrs. Randolph Stawell in "Motor Tours in Wales and the Border Counties" (L. C. Page and Company). A lot of historical and antiquarian Plainly he was a rascal, but we could information is joined to the itinerary not help a slight feeling of sympathy for and there are many excellent photographs

Enthusiasm is not lacking in Mr. James be interesting. The author begins by describing the vessels that carry the traffic Then: "Alone in the back room with and then expatiates on the magnitude of the Lakes with those on the ocean to the out one sinewy leg and caught under it detriment of the latter. At the end he Jenkins's two unruly limbs. Still keep-gives a brief summary of the history of ing a firm grip with his left arm he raised the Lakes. This part is by far the best his right hand. 'Now,' he said grimly, in the book because the author is re-'you're going to get the sort of spanking stricted in space. For the rest the theme your mother didn't give you enough of.' is not so new as he imagines, for a great One after another the resounding smacks deal has been written on the subject in came down while Jenkins, his strength late years. Moreover the exuberance of spent in futile struggle, could do nothing style leads to the use of adjectives and but writhe helplessly under the smarting terms of laudation at the expense of blows. The sound of them penetrated definiteness in the facts. The author is to the front room. As the men there so anxious to praise everything that he realized what was happening they broke does not always make clear what it is he into laughter so uproarious that it smote means to praise. In his stories of wrecks upon Jenkins's ears and forced a hyster- for instance, it is difficult at times to learn icel shrick from between his gritted more than that there was a wreck. For teeth. In Conrad's heart it inspired the characteristic incidents that should distinguish it he has no sense. Plain This was in Arizona. We could not figures apparently can convey no meaning understand Jenkins. He had a fearless to his readers. They must be expressed manner. Time and again he was suc- in the number of carloads or the length cessful in exacting blackmail. And yet of miles if steamers or cars were arranged repeatedly his armament was taken from in a line. There is plenty of "uplift" in him and he was punished manually just the book where the reader might prefer

Is there any excuse for travellers with Quite a different sort of person was no special qualifications to write books friends may be gratified by the accounts chance on better books, but they hamper such books come from L. C. Page and Company. The interesting trip "From Cairo to the Cataract" was taken by Blanche Marbury Carson, who wrote letters home about it, apparently drawing At any good bookstore, or of the publisher. liberally from easily accessible reference books. These letters are here published They will supplement the guide book for the indolent, but the really original part is the description of that particular unadventurous trip. In "The Spell of Italy" Caroline Atwater Mason describes the impressions made on her by various places is composed of "fact and fiction," it contains many literary allusions and may be enjoyed by those who wish to know what the author thinks of Italian things.

Lively sketches of what Mr. Charles Battell Loomis saw in Ireland will be to the author's wish for her tragic ianofound in "Just Irish" (Richard G. Badger, cence would stand little chance against the

More Henry James.

With volumes XIX, and XX, of "The Novels and Tales of Henry James" the subscription "New York" edition pubby Charles Scribner's Sons approaches completion; another four volumes will follow soon. The two before The Wings of the Dove," and a single introduction suffices for both. In explaining how he went to work and what he meant to express and what the characters mean Mr. James uses English which is much more clear and direct reader may find difficulty in understanding the precise shades of meaning on which the author lays stress, but this much juvenile attention. The effort to is due to his fine drawn distinctions in avoid conventional endings gives to many this case, and the point he wishes to make of these the character of impressions or is in no way obscured by capricious in- sketches rather than of stories; the sentivolutions of language and meandering parenthetical observations. It is a relief. none the less, to turn to the admirable English of the story itself, where Mr James subjects himself to the restraint of the artist at his work

The Browning Family A genealogical record of the Browning family in America has been published recently by Edward Franklin Browning of 18 West Seventy-fifth street, covering the period from 1621 to 1908, and giving some account of the birth, parentage, marriage and where fate has intervenedleath of all the Brownings in America The work is plainly one of affection for the family by a member of it, and has been compiled and edited with unusual care and intelligence. As a work of reference for the Brownings and those who have intermarried with the Brownings in America, the book is one of exceptional

April Fletion.

A very delightful and amusing young person is made known to the reader by Mr. J. J. Bell in "Oh! Christina" (Fleming H Revell Company). She is a sharp little gir! with a rich vocabulary of Glasgow slang and Scots dialect, but natural and childlike in spite of her matchmaking proclivities and her business acumen. There is true humor in the way her elders arrange their own affairs in spite of her management. The views of Scottish village life are pleasing and the love affair will be found to be satisfactory.

It is rather presumptuous of Mr. Joseph Lincoln to purloin for his sketches Miss Mitford's classic title "Our Village" (Appletons), especially as for his Cape Cod folks "Our Town" seems more suitable. The character of the papers is much like that of the older book. It gives the author room for more sentiment and reminiscence than his actitious tales allow, but the people are the same charming and lovable Cape Codders that he has drawn so well. They are not wholly extinct, but they are disappearing rapidly under the levelling influences of modern progress, and it is good to have them preserved in such vivid pictures as Mr.



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Kingsley in "The Glass House" (Dodd. Mead and Company). The craving for pleasure, the selfishness, the resentment at home discipline, the readiness to pick in Italy and by her discoveries of Italian up undesirable acquaintances are marks. characteristics. The personal narrative unfortunately, of a much larger class of girls than earlier American life knew, and thor shows, by the negligence of parents absorbed in other matters. That the young person does not come to grief is due solely even when he touches on who hover over her, or for that matter against any man who might come along. There are capital descriptions of various forms of feminine discontent, the woman who must write even if her home goes to ruin, the kind hearted busybody whose philanthropic efforts make trouble for everybody, and others. The villain is a thorough blackguard, and on the editor no kindly feeling is wasted. There is much acute observation of the grim side of social life. The gentler affections are passed over; perhaps they are taken for

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Continued on Twelfth Page



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